FOCCY BOTTOMINES

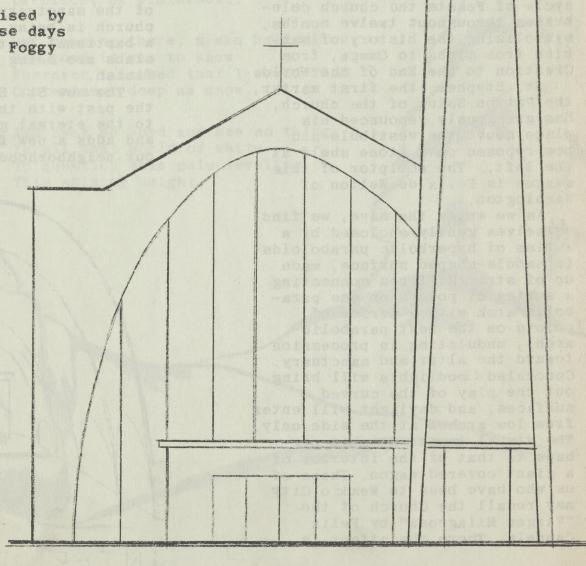
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9T. STEPHEN'S FOGGY BOTTOM

ARTICLE AND ART
BY MELITA RODECK

You will be surprised by a new landmark these days when you approach Foggy Bottom from the North. Amidst multi-story apartment buildings, there rises the white tower of the Catholic Church of St.Stephen's, with its three bells silhouetted against the sky.

(Cont'd on p. 2)



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL!

St. Stephen's (Continued from p. 1)

It is a new church, not a restoration like so many other buildings in our neighborhood. But it creates continuity by taking advantage of many materials and furnishings of the old church.

This new house of worship, designed by the firm of Johnson and Boutin, Architects, replaces an historic brick structure dating from the era after the Civil War (1867), which had enclosed two churches, one on top of the other

The new church, which will cost approximately \$500,000, seats 700, is air-conditioned, and contains a chapel in addition to the nave. In the basement are a parish hall and service areas. It is expected to be finished by spring.

The Pennsylvania Avenue front will be most interesting at night, when the great parabolic stained glass window will be lighted from the inside. The window is being designed by Gabriel Loire of Chartres, under the direction of the architects, and is being fabricated in the famous stained glass studios of Chartres in France. It will represent the entire Liturgical Year, the cycle of Feasts the church celebrates throughout twelve months, symbolizing the history of mankind from Alpha to Omega, from Creation to the End of the World.

St. Stephen, the first martyr, the Patron Saint of the church, has graciously renounced his place above the vestibule and now reposes on a stone shelf at the left. The sculptor of this statue is Felix de Welton of

Washington.

As we enter the nave, we find ourselves gently enclosed by a series of hyperbolic paraboloids (a saddle-shaped surface, made up of straight lines connecting a series of points on one parabolic arch with a series of points on the next parabolic arch), undulating in procession toward the altar and sanctuary. Concealed floodlights will bring out the play of the curved surfaces, and daylight will enter from low arches at the side only. The visual impact is akin perhaps to that of the interior of a giant covered wagon. Those of us who have been to Mexico City may recall the Church of the "Virgen Milagrosa" by Felix Candela. There the effect is

similar except that the edge frames come together in an acute angle at the ridge--they are triangular, not parabolic.

The altar of the new St. Stephen's is of beige Botticino marble, and a suspended tester of bronze and enamel provides a symbolic roof over it. Behind the altar is a bronze screen of open grille work with enameled panels representing the twelve Apostles. The lovely Sainte Chapelle in Paris is the most famous precedent for the representation of this theme.

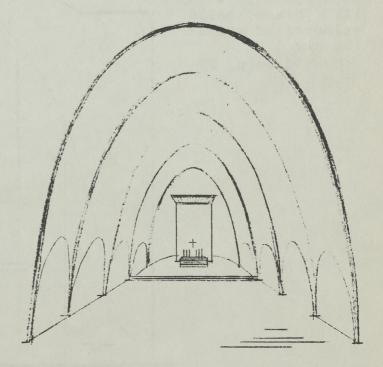
To the left of, and at an angle to, the nave, and perpendicular to Pennsylvania Avenue, is our Lady of Lourdes Chapel, which will contain the Stations of the Cross and a separate altar, even though the main altar will be visible. Lady Altar will be that of the old church, containing the same relics, but with new supports.

Near the sanctuary, above the

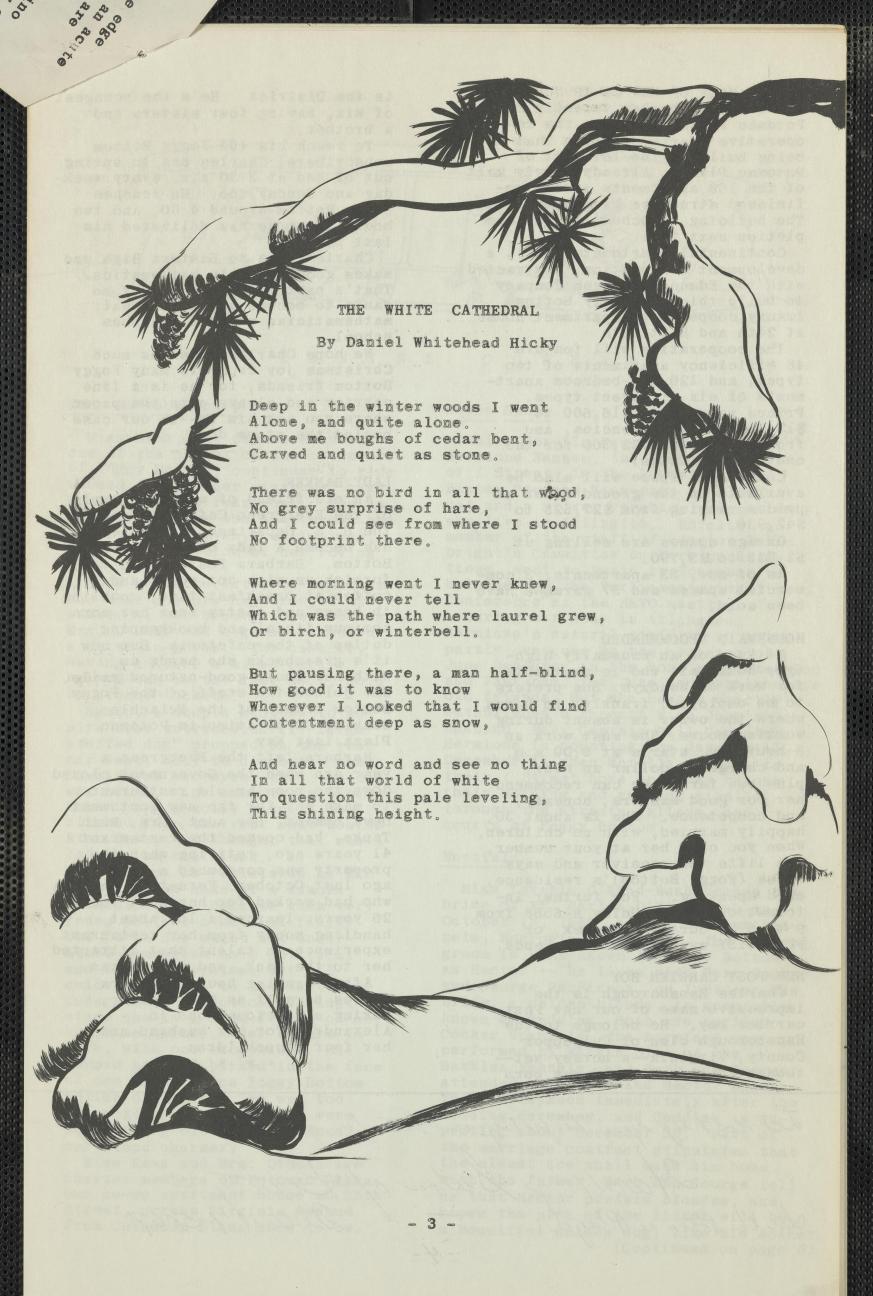
side aisles, is a choir space and an organ loft. The pipes will be those of the old organ connected to a new mechanism.

To the right of the entrance, in the base of the tower, is the new baptistry. The bronze bowl of the sanctuary lamp of the old church is being converted into a baptismal font, and old marble slabs are being reused as wall finish.

The new St. Stephen's links the past with the future, points to the eternal goal of all life and adds a new focal point to our neighborhood.



INTERIOR SAINT STEPHEN'S CHURCH



NEARLY HALF OF NEW CO-OP SOLD
Ground was broken recently for
Potomac Plaza Terraces, the cooperative apartment house that is
being built on the lot east of
Potomac Plaza. Already nearly half
of the 168 apartments in the unfinished structure have been sold.
The building is scheduled for completion next fall.

Continental Apartments, Inc., a development corporation, contracted with the Edmund J. Flynn Company to build this new Foggy Bottom luxury cooperative apartment house at 24th and H Streets.

The cooperative will feature 48 efficiency apartments of two types, and 120 one-bedroom apartments of six different types. Prices range from \$16,600 to \$17,850 for efficiencies, and from \$20,800 to \$22,300 for the one-bedroom units.

Commercial space will also be available on the ground floor at prices ranging from \$27,525 to \$42,936.

Garage spaces are selling at \$2,325 to \$3,790

\$2,325 to \$3,790.
As of now, 83 apartments, 3 commercial spaces and 57 garages have been sold.

HOUSEMAID RECOMMENDED

We know of an unusually hightype housemaid who is available
for work on Mondays. She prefers
to be employed, frankly, in homes
where the owner is absent during
working hours. She must work an
8-hour day, starts at 8:00 a.m.
and charges a dollar an hour,
plus bus fare. We can recommend
her for good manners, honesty,
and competence. She is about 30,
happily married, with no children.
When you call her at your number,
she lifts the receiver and says
"Miss (Foggy Bottom)'s residence,
maid speaking." For further information, call Dudley 8-6558 from
9 to 5:30 during the week, or
FE 3-3157 evenings and weekends.

NEW POST CARRIER BOY

Charles Hansborough is the impressive name of our new Post carrier boy. He belongs to the Hansborough clan of Culpepper County, Virginia—a horsey set—though Charles himself was born

in the District. He's the youngest of six, having four sisters and a brother.

To reach his 403 Foggy Bottom subscribers, Charles has to spring out of bed at 3:30 a.m. every week-day and Sunday too. He reaches Foggy Bottom around 4:00, and two hours later he has delivered his last paper.

Charles goes to Eastern High and makes good marks in mathematics. That's partly the reason why he wants to become a professional mathematician when he finishes school.

We hope Charles receives much Christmas joy from his many Foggy Bottom friends, for he is a fine carrier and always puts the paper where you ask him to--in our case behind the storm door.

LADY BANKER

An old friend of ours, formerly of the Evergreen Cafeteria near the U. S. Department of Agriculture, has become a lady banker in Foggy Bottom. Barbara Foster used to furnish us with hot rolls and coffee at breakfast time, doubling in brass and pastry from her more serious fiscal and bookkeeping duties at the cafeteria. But now it's greenbacks she hands us. with her usual good-natured smile. She joined the staff of the Foggy Bottom branch of the McLachlen Banking Corporation in Potomac Plaza last May. Barbara left the Evergreen a

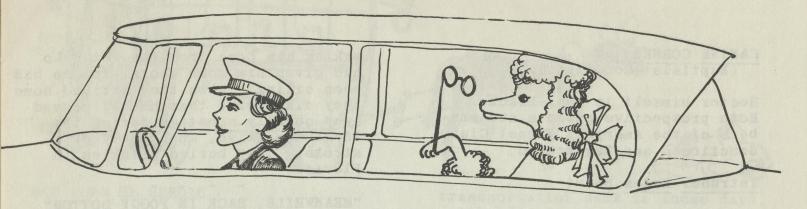
Barbara left the Evergreen a year ago when the Government closed down the popular old restaurant to make way for the new Southwest Development. Her aunt, Mrs. Ruth Tapke, had opened the restaurant 41 years ago, retiring when the property was condemned a year ago last October. Versatile Barbara who had worked for her aunt for 26 years, learned a lot about handling money from her restaurant experience—a talent that attracted her to the bank, and vice versa.

After banking hours, Barbara busies herself as Mrs. Foster, making a gracious home in Alexandria for her husband and her four stepchildren.

Let us hely you to put your but for found for the Holdeys.

Harding Salow of Beauty
Unthe Potomac Playa - Deleval 7-5067

259 July St. St. Suly



CANINE CORNER

Emma Extraordinary

Miss Emma, the Othman Poodle, one of the oldest canine citizens of Foggy Bottom, continues to ride around town in her mistress' car, dominating the rear seat. She is the queenly one who sits erect and observes the by-ways motionless, with the exception of her roving eyes.

This characteristic of composure and fine posture has brought many smiles to her owner. One evening Mrs. Othman and a guest attended a drive-in-movie. The cashier, having noticed a blond curly-haired one in the rear seat, sold her three tickets:

Again, a couple stopped to admire 'that extraordinarily large stuffed dog" propped on the rear car seat, only to discover, when Emma moved her eyes, that the dog was alive. And one day, a hitch-hiker gave a noisy gasp as he climbed into the rear seat beside Miss Emma. "I thought that was a lady!", he exclaimed.

Miss Emma is registered as RED EMMA, a name-sake of a famous communist, all because when very young she was a ball of fluffy red fur. She might not understand communism as a political and economic system, but all evidence points to the fact she understands affection-sharing, since she is a warm friend of her human neighbors. Her record is pure, with one exception: She jumped at, and barked in the face of one of our nice Foggy Bottom police officers. "He was too close to my mistress, and wore odd-looking clothes," reasoned our blond charmer,

Miss Emma and Mrs. Othman are charter members of Potomac Plaza, our co-op apartment house on 25th Street, across Virginia Avenue from Columbia Plaza soon to be.

House Guest

While Morella Hansen is in Paris,
Hermione Hansen, the Dachshund lady
of I Street, is the house guest of
Mister Poo and Faux-pas, an alley
cat and a silver Persian, respectively,
who live in Arlington. Morella, a
member of the staff of Senator Fullbright's Committee on Foreign Relations, went to Paris in November to
help set up the Parliamentarians'
Conference at the NATO meeting.

During her stay in Arlington,
Hermione's natural timidity is being
partly overcome by the presence of
June Deventer in the home of Mister Poo
and Faux-pas, for June and Hermione are
old friends. But she hasn't exactly
established a rapport with June's
husband, Navy Captain Bill Deventer.
Hermione is counting the days until
December 15 when Morella returns to
their I Street home and they resume
their morning and evening strolls
through the streets, alleys, and
courts of Foggy Bottom.

Nuptials

Miss Lovable O'Wind-Rush became the bride of Mr. Barlea O'Wind-Rush on October 18, 1960, at the Barklea Kennels, Monrovia, Maryland. The bridegroom is best known in Foggy Bottom as Hector -- he lives with Herb Socks and George Mackinnon, on I Street. The bride, a golden blonde, is generally known as Cuddles. Both are English Cocker Spaniels. The marriage was performed by Marvin Gill of the Barklea Kennels, and Herb and George attended. Cuddles and Hector began their honeymoon immediately after the wedding ceremony, and Cuddles is expecting about December 20. Part of the marriage contract stipulates that the eldest son shall make his home with the father. Herb and George tell us that Hector prefers blondes, and hopes the pick of the litter will be a beautiful golden dog, like his mother. (Continued on page 6)

CANINE CORNER (Nuptials -Continued)

Hector himself is coal-black. Both prospective parents are members of the American Kennel Club, Sanctioned and Registered.

Intruder Loses Shirt

Some unidentified young fellow ventured into the patio of Frank McMahon and Charley Mayo one afternoon recently while Scarlet was having her afternoon nap, but the lad will never do it again. Scarlet, the normally friendly Boxer bitch owned jointly by Frank and Charley, who live at 915 27th Street, doesn't trust people to whom she has never been introduced, as this strange young man learned the hard way. When the lad entered the patio, Scarlet pounced on him and literally tore his shirt off. A neighbor, Ira Simmons, saw him scuttling out of Green's Court half naked, for his shirt was in shreds after his encounter.

Frank and Charley tell us that Scarlet is a one-man woman, and by some strange coincidence her one love's name was Rhett. Scarlet had 8 puppies by Rhett, and one of them won first prize in a dog show at Detroit in 1958.

Obit

Wrinkles, who was at least ll years old, died as he had lived, a perfect gentleman, on Labor Day. News of Wrinkles' death was received from Gordon Campbell in Florida, where he and Sis are living temporarily. They expect to return to their 25th Street home in the spring, but with heavy hearts. The Campbells do not plan to replace Wrinkles — not in the immediate future, anyway. They had raised him from a pup, this most venerable Boxer, much beloved by hosts of friends in Foggy Bottom. Wrinkles died in the back seat of the Campbell car while they were

taking him home from the vet, who had given him some shots, for he had been ailing. When they arrived home they discovered that he had passed away quietly sometime during the 15-minute drive, apparently of a stroke. They buried Wrinkles in Florida.

"MEANWHILE, BACK IN FOGGY BOTTOM" Our neighbor to the west received the lion's share of publicity occasioned by recent events of international significance because Georgetown is the home of the president-elect, and his baby boy was born in Georgetown University Hospital. But Foggy Bottom has been in the news modestly, too, because the news writers like to use the name as a synonym of our State Department, located in Foggy Bottom, as Whitehall in London and Quai d'Orsay in Paris are the location of the Foreign Offices of Britain and France.

One day a couple of weeks ago, for example, Chalmers M. Roberts wound up a dope story in the Post with a reference to our neighborhood, in discussing the various possibilities for Mr. Kennedy's choice for Secretary of State. Roberts wrote:

Secretary of State. Roberts wrote:

Meanwhile, back in Foggy
Bottom a curious change
seems to have taken place.

Amazingly, officials of
various rank are doing
their best to create the
impression that they are
full of proposals which
would fit the New Frontier theme. On the other
hand, there also is an
attitude of "how can we
do anything until we know
who will be the new boss?"

THE FOGGY BOTTOM NEWS

Charley Rogers, Editor FE 3-3157
Shirley Kennard, Art Editor OL 2-7305
George MacKinnon, Bus. Mgr. FE 3-2134
John Howerton, Asst.

Bus. Mgr. FE 3-9344

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GOLDEN WEDDING

Lloyd Dutch, a native of Foggy Bottom, and his wife Rosetta celebrated 50 golden years of wedded life in the late summer. Married in Washington's Church of the Epiphany in August 1909, they have lived at 2407 I Street for nearly 40 of their 50 happy years together.

Mr. Dutch has been sexton of St. Paul's Church, now at 2430 K Street, for 20-odd years, having started when the church was located at 917 23rd Street. So the wedding anniversary began with Mr. and Mrs. Dutch's attendance at the early morning service at St. Paul's, where the rector, the Reverend James Richards, gave them a special blessing. Afterward they took a trip to New York as guests of St. Paul's Vestry. Their anniversary presents in-

Their anniversary presents included \$100 from the Vestry.
During their 5-day stay in New
York they visited Mr. Dutch's
brother and saw the town. In her
sightseeing Mrs. Dutch found
Manhattan's Church of the Intercession of particular appeal; it
reminded her of the Zion Episcopal
Church in Charles Town, West
Virginia, her native city, where
she was baptized and confirmed.
Mrs. Dutch returns to Charles
Town each August for "homecoming Sunday."

The Dutches were in New York during the transportation strike, which prevented their riding the subways. Subway-riding is no novelty to them, however. They became accustomed to it long ago as residents of New Jersey where Mr. Dutch served for five or six years as coachman for former Representative Wayne Parker and his family.

Mr. Dutch was born on 23rd Street between H and I, and has spent his life in Foggy Bottom, with the exception of the years in New Jersey and a period as a youngster when his father, Edmund Dutch, was custodian of

the Alibi Club at 1806 I Street and the family lived there. The elder Dutch worked in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing for many years before taking over the management of the club. The family has been in Washington for four generations. Emiline Dutch, grandmother of Lloyd Dutch, was the first Negro woman to be a money counter in the Treasury Department.

WASHINGTON MEANS MANY THINGS

A City means many different things to many different people, and Washington, our beautiful city, is no exception.

Washington means the seat of the Government of the United States and it creates the image of the American Way of Life to foreign visitors, foreign correspondents and to people all over the globe.

Washington means the Nation's Capital to people from all over the United States who come here as tourists.

Washington means a place to work to hundred thousands of federal employees.

Washington means a market to manufacturers, businessmen, and farmers.

Washington means a place to study to the ten thousands of students who come to our Universities.

And to those of us who live here in the District of Columbia, and who are fortunate enough perhaps to see the light on top of the Capitol or the Washington Monument from our window at night, to us, WASHINGTON MEANS HOME.

From a radio talk by Melita Rodeck, "Housing and the Central City," broadcast by WOOK, Sunday, December 4.

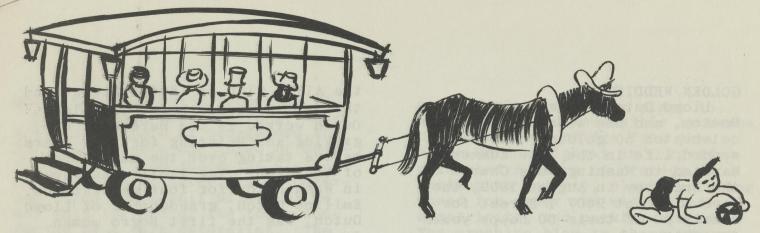
YOU WILL POP OVER THE POPOVERS AT

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ON THE POTOMAC AT F ST. - IN FOGGY BOTTOM

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RUN DOWN BY HERDIC

Little Clifford Cox, 2018 I Street, N. W., was run over by a herdic the other day while he was playing in the street with Francis Wrightson, the Methodist minister's son. Fortunately, Clifford suffered only minor injuries. His little toe — the one on his right foot — was fractured. His father, Dr. Clifford S. Cox, immediately applied a splint

to the injury.

This Foggy Bottom neighborhood incident does indeed seem to Cliff to have happened only the other day, though it actually occurred 50 or more years ago, around the turn of the century, when Cliff lived in the family home that is now George Washington University's Benney Hall, containing the University's Reading Clinic. Cliff and his parents and brothers lived in the upper floors of the house, which his maternal grandfather had built around 1870. The lower floor was Dr. Cox's medical office. He had a good neighborhood practice, making his round of calls in Foggy Bottom and the surrounding area by horse and buggy, which were kept in the stable out back.

No longer a resident of Foggy
Bottom, Cliff, a Federal Government
artist who works in the Department
of Agriculture and lives in Potomac
Palisades neighborhood, says his
injured toe never has been normal
since his run-in with the herdic
all those years ago. His father
didn't repair the damage properlythe little toe sort of overlaps the
others, and the shoe for that foot
has to be specially fitted.

You may be wondering -- as we were when we first heard the story--what in the world a herdic is, and how it happened to run over Cliff's little toe, and not the rest of him. Cliff can't answer the last part of this question. All he remembers is that when the herdic came charging down the street he just managed to escape getting run over entirely. But he told us all about the herdic, which was part of a line that constituted Foggy Bottom's only public

transportation back in those days. A herdic is a sort of horse-drawn cab or bus, with side seats and the entrance at the back. It was invented by one Peter Herdic, hence its name. The herdics that served the residents of Foggy Bottom around 1900 traveled up Pennsylvania Avenue from the east, turned south on 17th Street, then west on G to 26th, where they turned south again for a block, returning to 17th on F and thence back to Pennsylvania Avenue. Cliff doesn't know where the line went from there, for he was only a little boy in Foggy Bottom when herdics passed along the streets where he played.

QUIET REFUGE IN THE POTOMAC

Foggy Bottom's own little offshore island, now known as Theodore Roosevelt Island, has been so much in the news of late that we thought the following article, which deals with the subject, would interest our readers. Anticipating some dispute from Georgetowners over our claim to it, we wish to point out that the larger part of the charming isle lies athwart Foggy Bottom shores. Such contention notwithstanding, we know you will appreciate this piece, which appeared in The Georgetowner, our neighboring village's biweekly gazette. It was written by Marilyn Houston, a contributing editor of that worthy publication.

At the foot of Wisconsin Avenue there is a ferry landing. On Saturday and Sunday afternoons in the summer a small boat sits there waiting to take refugees from the city over to the wilderness of Theodore Roosevelt Island. Some of the passengers are picnickers; some are bird watchers and students of nature; some merely want a quiet hour's walk in the woods.

Continued on page 8

Quiet Refuge (Cont'd from page 7) Crossing the river where it makes a 45-degree turn at Georgetown, the ferry lands at a sheltered orientation point. From there the visitor has a choice of three trails covering three and a half miles, or he may wait for one of the tours conducted by a park naturalist. average nature walk is about 12 miles and takes a little over an hour. The island is nearly a mile long and almost one-half mile in width. It is composed of a bedrock of granite gneiss covered with soil deposited as river sediment. The mud, sand, and gravel continue to accumulate because of the slower river current near the island, and it is estimated that eighteen acres have been added to the island in the past century.

Around the outer rim of the island there is a marsh with a growth of arrowhead, cattail, and snapweed through which one may take the "Red Trail." On higher ground are the "Blue Trail" and the "White Trail," where willows and boxelders take over from the marsh vegetation.

Not really the forest primeval, but second or third growth, the island in summer is lush and green with tall trees forming a canopy over the trails. It is a natural refuge for wildlife, and all plant and animal life is protected by law. Until recently only the necessary conveniences --drinking fountains, rest rooms, and a few discreetly placed trash cans -have revealed the presence of man on the island, but now his presence is obvious as construction of the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Bridge proceeds, with workmen building a foundation for one of its pilings at the southern end of the island and cranes dredging the riverbed just offshore.

The construction of the bridge started the first feelings of uneasiness in the hearts of nature lovers, and this has increased with the passage of a bill by the House of Representatives to build a memorial to Theodore Roosevelt on the island. Further plans to make the island accessible by means of a low-level bridge from the Mount Vernon Highway in Virginia unleashed a storm of protest. According to reports, plans are going ahead for sewer and water lines, electricity, and parking spaces The crushing blow to those who go to Theodore Roosevelt Island to get away from the noise and the exhaust fumes of the city is to find that they will follow them there.
Hordes of automobile-borne sight-seers, leaving behind the remains of their picnic lunches and their beer cans, will make the island unsightly, they say, and drive away the wild life. Right now the number of people who go to the island is small, with public access only on summer weekends, and any commercial enterprise to serve them would be economically unsound. But with the island open to automobiles it is thought that it will be only a matter of time before the hotdog and frozen custard stands spring up.

Theodore Roosevelt Island is a part of National Capital Parks which is administered by the National Parks Service of the Department of Interior. In tracing its history the Park Service found that the island has borne a succession of names. The first white explorers called it "Anacostian" or "Analostan," which was derived from a local Indian name. After 1632, when Charles II granted the island to Lord Baltimore, it became known as "My Lord's Island." The next owner, Captain Randolph Brandt, who played an important part in the Indian wars and who acquired the island in 1681, named it "Barbadoes" after his old home in the West Indies. In 1717 the island was purchased by George Mason whose son became a leading figure in the drafting of the Constitution and the Virginia Declaration of Rights and built Gunston Hall. The island remained in the possession of the Mason family for 125 years and became known as "Mason's Island." John Mason built a brick mansion on it in the 1790's and converted it into one of the finest farm-estates in the section. (Continued on p. 9)

WOODWARD AND NORRIS
REAL ESTATE

723 - 20TH ST. - RE 7-6585

WE DISCOVERED FOGGY BOTTOM

Quiet Refuge (Cont'd from page 8)

When a causeway was built from the Virginia shore in 1805, the waters around the island stagnated and became unhealthy, and the Mason family left in 1832.

After the Civil War, the island was owned successively by the Columbia Athletic Association, the Analostan Boat Club, and the Washington Gas Light Company. During his term in the White House, Theodore Roosevelt, the great conservationist and lover of the outdoor life, often swam to the quiet solitude of the island. In 1931 the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Association purchased it from the Washington Gas Light Company and transferred it to the National Park Service to be maintained in honor of "T. R." It was a fitting memorial, not only because of the personal associations of Theodore Roosevelt with the island, but because of his interest in preserving the natural resources of the country.

The island is an excellent spot for nature study. The yellow iris grows in the shallow water of the marshes, and the American egret hunts for food along the shore. Marsh wrens, red-winged blackbirds, kingfishers, mallards, and great blue herons also nest in this area. Several kinds of harmless snakes and turtles, as well as muskrats and raccoons, also may be seen. On drier ground squirrels, cottontails, skunks, chipmunks, and oppossums abound in the mixed hardwood forest of elm, yellow-poplar, ash, maple, sycamore, and oak. There are thirty species of trees and 135 species of herbaceous plants and

vines growing on the island.

It is to be hoped that, whatever "improvements" are to be made in the island, the spirit of Theodore Roosevelt will guide the planners and that its value as a refuge for both animals and man will be judged a more worthy memorial than any that could be constructed from steel or stone.

I STREET DIGGINGS

A sanitary engineer at the District Building straightened us out on the details of the sewer-digging job on I Street.

This so-called slash sewer under construction in Foggy Bottom is part of a system designed ultimately to separate sewer water from storm water, which now run off together. The mixture contaminates the Potomac River and creates a bad odor in the Bottom, especially during the hot summer months.

The I Street project is expected to be finished in about two months. barring bad weather, unexpected difficulties, etc. The engineers are rushing the job through ahead of the Washington Circle underpass cut on K Street so that what is known as a "rectangular detour" can be put into effect around the circle. When the I Street portion of the sewer job is completed, incoming traffic will run from K Street south on 25th to I, then east on I to Pennsylvania Avenue. Outgoing traffic will detour Washington Circle by running north on 21st Street to L, then west on L to Pennsylvania (at Columbia Hospital), completing the detour by moving south on 25th Street to K, and out onto the Freeway.

To go back to the construction

To go back to the construction work on I Street, it will extend down to 27th on one end and up to New Hampshire on the other. At New Hampshire the contractor, who is a "tunnel specialist," will start work on a tunnel that will carry the sewer deep under the circle and connect with the sewer construction on L Street.

Obviously those of us who live in the heart of Foggy Bottom are going to have traffic headaches before the underpass is an actuality, and it won't be finished inside of two years!

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201724d 00 Listen to al Ross - 980 ARENA STAGE, 1960-61 Beckett, "The End of the Begin-Arena Stage has been playing to ning" by O'Casey, and "In the sell-out houses since it opened cludes with "Man and Superman"
by Shaw, including the "Don Juan
in Hell" episode, beginning May 2.
When possible, Arena Stage
players stay at Foggy Bottom this season, its last at the Foggy Bottom address, 26th and D Streets, -an address which earned it the humorous designation of "The Old Vat" because of the building's long history as a brewery. Next year Arena will be housed in its all-new structure in New South-Following a successful production of "The Gang's All Here," the Foggy Bottom players put on the American star in "The Egg"; Bob Dietz, premiere of Felicien Marceau's "The

Egg," which received rave reviews and brought out capacity audiences.

Brooks Atkinson, dramatic critic of the New York Times, had this to say about the Arena production of "The

"It is no particular news that Arena Stage is host to another hit. During the past two season, that has almost become standard practice.

"Felicien Marceau's "The Egg," in a lively translation by Robert Schlitt, is filling every seat with subscribers, of whom there are 6,500 this year, and transients, who are in large supply.
"'The Egg,' famous in Europe

since 1956, is a cheerfully cynical comedy about a conscienceless young man who figures out the system for worldly living and beats it. A gay performance is led by William Shust, whose delight in wickedness is irresistible.

The balance of the season at Arena will offer a wide variety of plays. Sheridan's "The Rivals" will open for the holidays on December 13, followed by Piran-dello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author" January 10, and "Silent Night, Lonely Night" by Robert Anderson on February 7 (this played on Broadway last year with Henry Fonda and Barbara Bel-Geddes). March 7 will see "Tiger at the Gates" by Giraudoux, translated by Christopher Fry, and on April 4 three short plays will open: "Krapp's Last Tape" by

Zone" by O'Neill. The season con-

addresses for their often-brief assignments at the local theater. So far this year we have had as our guests in Foggy Bottom
Bill Shust, the brilliant young who plays three roles in the same play--Barbedart, Uncle, and the Judge; Ronnie Claire Edwards, who is Second Woman and also Hortense in "The Egg"; and Marion Morris, who will be here for a good part of the Arena season. Shust is staying on Virginia Avenue near the State Department, Dietz on K Street, Miss Edwards on F Street, and Miss Morris on I Street.

ANNIVERSARY

Mrs. Irene G. Stewart recently celebrated her first year in Foggy Bottom as manager of 2400 Pennsylvania Avenue, the apartment house at 24th and Pennsylvania which opened December 1, 1959. Irene tells us that she has no rental problem, and to an apartment manager that means "No Vacancies." All units were rented within six weeks after opening and they have been occupied ever since. Both furnished and unfurnished apartments are available in the building.

This is not the first apartment building Irene has opened and managed--she has been doing it for the past quarter century. She came to 2400 Pennsylvania Avenue from 2700 Wisconsin, and has been eight years with the company that owns both apartment buildings. Irene's nice husband, Harry D. Stewart, is an accountant with the Department of Commerce. They have no children.

Rhea Radin - Property Management
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ARENA ACTRESS MORELLA'S GUEST

Marion Morris is playing in several Arena Stage productions this season, and again is staying with Morella Hansen, 2415 I Street, as she did last season when she was performing at Foggy Bottom's theater-in-the round. In the current show, "The Egg," Marion enacts two roles, the oldmaid storekeeper, Mlle, Durant, and the mother-in-law, Mme. Berthoullet.

Marion's role in Sheridan's
"The Rivals," which is to open
at the Arena December 13, is
that of Mrs. Malaprop, a difficult character to interpret for
one who speaks both English and
French as fluently and elegantly
as Marion does. In it she must
constantly utter those inelegant
malaprops that Sheridan invented
for his play.

Marion's sister, Gabrielle Woods, herself an actress, came down from her home in New York to see Marion in "The Egg," and to have a visit with her at Morella's while the latter was in Paris.

HOME BODY

A friend of ours reports that his brother in San Francisco has repeatedly declined to visit him in Foggy Bottom because he (the West Coast brother) has a cat that is a home body. Recently the San Francisco cat-lover wrote his Foggy Bottom brother that the family had not taken a vacation trip this year because "our 16-year-old cat dislikes to leave home any more." The cat, he went on to say, had accompanied the family on a motor trip to Canada when a kitten and had seemed to enjoy it, but it's different now that he's an old fellow. These days he just likes to stay at home, dozing by the fire and eating home vittels.

THE TRUPP FAMILY -- VALET SERVICES

Foggy Bottom's Bernard Trupp and two of his three sons manage and operate valet services at three addresses: Potomac House at 940 25th Street, where Papa Bernard Trupp is boss; 1500 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W.; and Hunting Towers in Virginia. Son Phil Trupp looks after the family cleaning plant at 1708 17th Street, and Son Morton manages the Virginia shop. A third son is still in school.

Our Foggy Bottom neighbor,
Bernard Trupp, came to the United
States from Russia with two
brothers before World War I. He
was in our Armed Forces overseas
in that war, serving with the
80th Division, composed largely
of troops from Virginia, Maryland,
West Virginia and the District of
Columbia.

The Trupp family call their services "Fashion Craft Valet."
They feature French drycleaning and laundering. Auxiliary services are shoe repair, alterations, and storage.

OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

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FOGGY BOTTOM CHAMBER GROUP TO PLAY BAROQUE MUSIC

Baroque music devotees will have a chance to hear the Foggy Bottom Chamber Music group perform again at St. Paul's Episcopal Church at 2430 K Street, N. W., Monday, December 12, starting at 8:30 p.m. The Program will be given under the auspices of the Foggy Bottom Restoration Association.

This is the same group that played at the church last May. Performers include Charlotte Eisler, harpsichord; Joseph Handlon, oboe; Bernard Mason, violin; Allen Dittmann, flute, and Joel Wheeler, recorder.

The concert will include quintets by Jean-Baptiste Loeillet and John Christopher Pepusch which feature the entire ensemble, a quartet by Georg Philipp Telemann for flute, oboe, violin, and keyboard, and a trio sonata by Loeillet for recorder, oboe, and keyboard.

Program

. . . . Jean-Baptiste Loeillet Quintet in B minor . Largo Allegro Grave Allegro Georg Phillip Telemann Quartet in G Allegro Grave Allegro Jean-Baptiste Loeillet Trio in D minor . . . Largo Allegro con fuoco Adagio Allegro John Christopher Pepusch Quintet in F Largo Allegro Adagio Presto

About the Composers

Loeillet (1653-1728) was an outstanding flutist and composer of chamber music. Although born in Belgium he made his reputation first in Paris then in London. He played a major part in making Corelli's work known in England.

Telemann (1681-1767), an extremely prolific composer, was the most esteemed musician in Germany during the time of Bach and Handel. He was so skilled in counterpoint writing, Handel said he could write an eight-part motet as easily as anyone else could write a letter.

Pepusch (1667-1752), an English musician of German parentage, was born in Berlin. He is perhaps best known for arranging the tunes and composing the overture for Gay's Beggar's Opera. He composed much chamber music and some admirable motets.

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The Sherrif says -

That some of the sports car owners are looking enviously at the big concrete sewer sections as possible garages...that the car which was given away at Rineharts was won by a lady in Chevy Chase who already had TWO cars...that Mrs. Whitmore at the Cancer Clinic at Washington Circle is a bright ray of sunshine to both the patients entering there and the workmen by her door...that Harold Boutin says the traffic in Rio, which he observed this fall, is much worse than our K St at 5 p.m. ... that it must be a chore to try to study in the Academy at 24th and K with a steamshovel practically in the classroom...that Mrs. Sharp-, who moved into one of the new houses near the Ellise, has a Down Eastern accent to match our new President's (of the U.S., that is) ...that roses are still blooming in Mrs. Brain's garden at the corner of 25th and Eye ... that had the swimming pool gone in we could have been skating on it by now...that Doc Greenstein in Columbia Drug can sure spin some tales of the old days in the Bottom...that the lights burning in the stairwells of the University Womens Building make an interesting sight at night...that the spikes at the entrance of the parking lot in Snows Court sure look formidable... the shortest green light in town at 25th and K will catch you if you don't run... that if you see a rat in our area call the Rodent Control Division of the Health Department...that Channel House looked morbid when someone messed around with their sign lately...that we all should acknowledge our thanks to Mr. Long of the D.c. Sanitation Dept. for his effort to keep his crews busy in cleaning our streets... that some legal beagles say you can collect for the damage done to your house by the pile driving vibrations...that our Editor looks twenty years younger since he got hitched [= 53

MARLO VALET 2008 EYE ST FE 7-7527

CUSTOM DRY CLEANING - VALET SERVICE

NEXT MEETING - MUSIC!!!
MONDAY - DEC. 12 - 85 AM

PILLSBUR! HALL - 2430 K ST.

NOTE

We goofed a bit on this issue. There is no page 10-but two page 7's. We hope you enjoy the contents with little confusion. ... The Printer.